



The March to the Death Chair as It Is Arranged for To-day.

WARDEN SAGE.

REV. DR. COLE.

MRS. MARTHA PLACE.

THE MATRON.

A KEEPER.

A KEEPER.

THE WOMAN DOCTOR.

will not be near the place during an execution. Mrs. Sage and her two daughters were to have gone away last night, but Mrs. Sage's mother, who is an elderly and somewhat feeble woman, was indisposed, so it was decided that they should leave early this morning.

#### The Brother's Last Good-by.

Another indication that the death penalty will be inflicted to-day is that Peter Garretson, the brother of Mrs. Place, bade her a last farewell Saturday when he visited her.

Garretson does not care to see his sister in the throes of the electric current. He has suffered enough for her great crime already. When he came from her cell weeping, weeping violently, uncontrollably, it was quite evident to every one who saw him that he had said goodbye to the miserable woman forever.

To carry out the prediction that Mrs. Place will die to-day, it is the immemorial custom of the warden of Sing Sing to put a convict to death on the first day of the week in which the execution is ordered to take place.

It is, of course, the privilege of the warden to change the hour, but the wear of the terrible suspense is telling on him and his family; and, besides, he regards it as a mercy that he should give the old woman the relief of oblivion as soon as possible under the law.

#### Hope Still in Her Heart.

Unless Governor Roosevelt sees fit, after viewing this prophecy, to order a change of the hour, it is almost certain that the end of the doctor will come to-day.

The old woman spent her last day in praying, in reading and in weeping, and who can say to the contrary—even in hope. It has been said that she has abandoned hope. She has been told stern facts, which should take away the last vestige of hope; but Mrs. Place will have a yearning at the moment of stillness that precedes the executioner will tear the leather bandage from her forehead and exclaim: "Mrs. Place, you are free!"

Hope springeth eternal, and her very last emotion will doubtless be that of hope.

But surely the day on which her eyes rested yesterday was dreary enough to drive her to despair. Mrs. Country, who remained with her during the night, observed that at 4:30 yesterday morning Mrs. Place began to toss in her bed. She moved restlessly, and, looking out at the window and observing that it was still dark, she inquired what the time was. When she learned she sighed, moaned and continued to move restlessly upon her pillow.

Up to that hour, whether she had been asleep or not, at least she was motionless. She retired much later than usual. Some portion of the prison rules allowed to those who must die. She had declared that she was not sleepy, and it was after 11 o'clock when she went to bed.

After lying awake for an hour yesterday morning, she arose and dressed. It was yet some time before breakfast, and the light in her room was still burning. For the day without was thick and gloomy. She took her Bible from a little table and read until she was informed that her breakfast had been brought. Some lamb chops, potatoes, eggs, bread and coffee constituted her fare. She scarcely touched anything.

#### The Mockery of Daily Routine.

Mrs. Country, the matron, urged the old woman to eat. She could not be important. She entered wearily upon the long day—her last Sabbath on earth. There was nothing to cheer her in the view out of her window. The mist drifted past her window in endless wreaths. The white rafter driven by the swift river breeze, waved like shrouds before her. It was Sunday, and no service stirred in the prison yard. There was nothing, nothing to drag her away from the thought, which repeated itself a thousand times: "I die! I die! I die!"

She could hear vague sounds from the great gray building where more than a thousand men were locked in for the day. They had been released from a week of silent labor and doomed to a day of solitude. The mingled sound as it came to her seemed of conversation from cell to cell, of singing, of praying, of weeping, of blows, of thrums on musical instruments, of shouting, of cursing, but the gathered volume came to her like the echo of a sigh.

She had been alternately reading and praying for two hours, when Mrs. Sage came in. The unrelenting stange of the old woman assumed the best smile of which it was capable. Mrs. Sage deftly sought to take the doomed woman's mind

away from the thing which possessed her and she succeeded fairly well.

#### Told of the Fatal Hour.

After Mrs. Sage had gone, self-pity, that form of cowardice which moves all in the face of death, brought more tears from Mrs. Place's eyes. The tall old woman arose and walked from end to end of the room. She was still seeking to allay her grief when a knock came to the door, and Warden Sage entered.

Mrs. Place no longer pined as she had done whenever the Warden entered during the time Roosevelt had her fate in hand. She answered his greeting quite calmly. Warden Sage then told Mrs. Place the exact hour of her death. She showed no agitation at the announcement. She said simply: "Very well, sir; and the incident came to a close."

The Warden said afterward that Mrs. Place had known approximately the hour of her death since last Thursday morning, when he told her of Governor Roosevelt's refusal to interfere with the sentence of the court. She was, therefore, prepared for the statement of the Warden.

The announcement seemed to relieve her of much of the nervousness from which she had suffered during the morning. It gave her reason for greater resignation of spirit, and acted as a tonic to her racked brain.

When her dinner was brought she looked at it with something of relief and interest. Her physical condition at this time was nearer the normal than it has been since she has known the worst.

The warden had provided the old woman with an excellent meal. It consisted of turkey, green peas, potatoes, cranberry sauce, ice cream, cakes, fruit and coffee. She ate almost heartily of it and surprised Mrs. Reilly, the matron of the day watch, who has wondered how the woman has subsisted upon the little that she has been eating. The dishes cleared away, Mrs. Place read for a while out of some work of fiction she had obtained from the prison library, and during the afternoon she rested for two hours upon her bed.

At 4 o'clock Mrs. Place arose, bathed her face and asked what time it was. Mrs. Reilly told her. Mrs. Place answered merely by a sigh. The matron is naturally a silent woman. Perhaps one of the causes which led to her shocking crime was her moodiness and reticence. She was not a sociable woman, even when she had many neighbors. She has not been speaking a word.

After her nap, or rest, yesterday afternoon her chair toward the window and sat looking out at the day. The afternoon had been dimly warm. Now the fog began to blow from the river, and as it rose it was blown away by a wind which increased toward night to a gale. When the shroud mist had been blown away by the wind the condemned woman could see a wide stretch of river tossed into white caps and waves of considerable size dashed upon the prison wall, throwing the spray into intermittent fountains.

Upon this unusually turbulent scene the old woman looked out as her eyes moved in all possibilities her last whole day—changed from daylight into darkness. Once she knelt by the casement and prayed. At 6 o'clock on Sunday and all other days there is a bustle about the prison. The guards and watches change. The night shift succeeds the day.

Mrs. Reilly gave her charge to Mrs. Country, who has the long vigil of the night hours. The usual greeting passed between them, shortly after which some tea and toast were brought to Mrs. Place. She ate but little. As the night came with all its horrors, its sleeplessness, its painful silence, its unrelenting stange, the poor wretch grew nervous again and paced up and down the room.

Rev. Dr. Cole, who had said he would come, but it was early for him yet. Mrs. Country spoke kindly to the prisoner and tried to allay her impatience. Mrs. Place almost approached hysteria at this time of the evening.

#### A Comforter at Last.

At 7:30 o'clock Warden Sage sent his carriage to the New York Central station and the Rev. Dr. Cole came back at 8 o'clock in the evening. He saw the Warden immediately and held a long conference with him. Then he was admitted to Mrs. Place's room in the old hospital building. She is said to have greeted him affectionately. She doubtless told him what Mrs. Sage had informed her

concerning the hour of her death. Mr. Sage had already sent the preacher word of his decision, and he was, therefore, prepared.

The length of the minister's stay with the condemned woman left little doubt in the minds of anybody that he was preparing her for her last night. The impression grew into a conviction as the evening wore on that Mrs. Place would die this morning, and all those interested in any way in the horror made their plans accordingly.

Dr. Cole remained with the doomed woman the greater part of two hours. When he returned his eyes were red with weeping. He refused to say anything as to what his labors and his expression is soft and benignant.

He will be with the gray-haired convict when she is walked before the chair of death. His voice will in all likelihood this morning before noon be the last she will hear.

It is fitting that this kindly and paternal old minister should accompany his elderly charge to the brink of death, and when the venerable servant of God walks into the chamber of death to-day with the trembling woman on his arm it will be the sublimest pathetic picture of the moratorium.

#### She Has Chosen Her Dress.

Mrs. Place has selected the garment in which she will die. It is usual for the State to furnish a plain suit of black clothes to a condemned man. Few of them ever have a suit which is regarded as the conventional garb to die in. But Mrs. Place's wardrobe, while not elaborate, was extensive, and she has chosen a dress of her own. Alterations have had to be made in it so as to fit the horrible exigencies of the electric chair.

The right portion of the black skirt has been cut off, and the matron has told of what Roosevelt has done—the withered leg of the old woman will be bare. The gown will be a simple, severe, black dress. She will wear a plain white collar.

The time of the infliction of death will be brief. From the moment when the door of the death chamber parts to admit the death procession to the time when the electric chair is started, the condemned man's blood will not be more than a minute and fifteen seconds. That is, Warden Sage has always attempted to take away a man's life in a matter of minutes. The woman physician and the woman attendant who will be present at the execution have been notified. It is believed that the woman selected to fix the electrode on the old woman's right leg will be one who has already discharged duties connected with Warden Sage's execution. It is believed that the woman will be faithful to withhold the names of both these women.

Everything is in readiness for the starting of the dynamo which makes the deadly current. The machinery works with fatal perfection. When the lightning courses along the wires the twenty bulbs, which are used to test the voltage, glow brilliantly. This means that there is enough of electricity there to kill an old woman.

The route which the condemned woman will traverse has been laid out. The course will be crooked and starways must be descended, as will be the narrow, covered and only allotted eyes may look upon the sickening spectacle of the murderer reeling under the clutch of the law to a revolting death.

Where convict eyes may peer certain have been arranged. Every precaution has been taken to prevent "horrid sensationalism," as the Governor had it, except the final and horrid fact itself, isolated and distillate to the essence of bald statement, will forever remain the most horrid sensation since the time the witches were burnt.

#### And He Was a Soldier.

Much comment is made among even those who think Mrs. Place ought to die upon the method Governor Roosevelt adopted in pressing "horrid sensationalism." He began it by perambulating two press associations, serving the newspapers of the world, including the Journal, to send representatives to the execution. Every detail of the woman killing will go to all the ends of the earth, and wires are now strung from the State prison in Sing Sing to London, Paris and Calcutta.

Operators are already there, and in another day the hero of San Juan Hill will also be known as the man who killed an old woman. That the Governor suppressed "horrid sensationalism" and added another laurel to his imperishable fame. The people around Sing Sing for miles are coming to the hills above the Hudson overlooking the penitentiary to look at nothing. Whenever a man meets death in the electric chair there is a sort of holiday in the countryside. Though the dates of the death have not been announced, the moblants thereabouts know a thing or two and smell out an execution like Indians on a trail.

They believe that the death penalty on

this woman will be inflicted to-day, and they are coming on the faith of it. It is a moral certainty that they will have come at the proper time. They will stand in the windy air and shiver and shake until the white-faced crowd of men comes from the prison entrance, by which they will know that it is all over.

When Governor Roosevelt tried to suppress the fact about the death of an old woman in the chair he forgets that the horror of the thing is so fascinating that people will go and stand in an icy wind and look upon the blank walls that close in upon the atrocity. These Hudson River farmers will see the horrid sensation through the walls.

Last night was immeasurably the most terrible that the dying woman has faced. She had some survivors from the poignant realization of the fate she was approaching during the hours she spent with the old minister. His prayer, his tears, his agonized voice reading from the Holy Scriptures, took her for a while out of the horror of the thing. She was soothed by the long and protracted his humanitarian work.

But when he did leave the hours of another night stared her in the face—hours in every minute of which stood the spider-like thing which is to clasp her.

"This commandment was addressed to Noah, when there was no government, and when there were only six or seven men on the earth. Whenever a man had a right to kill the next of kin had a right to kill the murderer of his relative; but that law was addressed to individuals and not to nations."

That this text does not mean capital punishment is evident from the fact that when Moses said that, he was not ordering him to be killed. David killed Uriah, but David was not killed. If the text means capital punishment it must be believed in the abolition of the death penalty because statistics show that on account of popular feeling against capital punishment, only a small percentage of convicts are carried out. Convictions show the death penalty is not a deterrent of crime.

Notable Figure in the Political Life of the South Passes Away.

Augusta, Ga., March 19.—H. Patrick Walsh, ex-United States Senator, Mayor of this city, and editor of the Augusta Chronicle, died here to-day after a prolonged attack of nervous prostration.

Patrick Walsh was one of the best known politicians and journalists in the South, and attained a high position in national politics. He was appointed by Governor Northen to fill the unexpired term of Senator Alfred Colquhoun in the United States Senate.

His death may be traced to the ingratitude of certain of his Augusta friends. When he returned from Washington he entered the contest for the Mayoralty of Augusta, and the fact that he was probably the most popular man in the city and had received so many compliments at the hands of the voters led him to expect a unanimous election.

During the campaign a certain Irish polemic leader in the city entered the competition and accused him with all his power. Walsh went out, but the evidence of this ingratitude on the part of some of his friends resulted in so severe a shock that he never recovered from its effects, but lapsed into the nervous trouble which ended with his death to-day.

His funeral will be one of the most imposing in the history of the city, and prominent men from all over the State will attend to do honor to his memory.

Died Sitting in His Pew.

James Henry, sixty-eight years old, of No. 163 Congress street, Jersey City, died suddenly while sitting in his pew at morning service in the Second United Presbyterian Church in Hancock avenue. The body was removed to the vestry, there to await the arrival of an undertaker.

392 "WANT" ADS. GAINED Yesterday over same Sunday last year. Monday morning results make 'em grow.

Good for Little Folks. Don't torture the children with liquid and pill poisons! The only safe, agreeable laxative for little ones is Cascara Candy Cathartic. All druggists, etc., 25c., 50c.

Funeral Services Over Mrs. and Miss Leland.

The Father Kept at the Bedside of His Remaining Daughter, Before Starting with the Dead for Chicago.

The funeral services of the late Mrs. Warren F. Leland and her daughter, Helen, were held at 10 a. m. yesterday in the morning chapel of the Church of the Heavenly Rest. The Rev. Dr. D. Parker Morgan officiated. The services were very simple, consisting only of prayers for the dead.

But one member of the immediate family was present, Charles W. Leland, the son, and about a dozen friends. Mr. Leland remained at the bedside of his daughter Helen, who besides being a confirmed invalid, is suffering from the nervous shock resulting from the great bereavement. The only flowers were the offerings of beautiful Easter lilies, the offerings of President and Mrs. McKinley, who are warm personal friends of the family.

Mr. Leland and his son took the 1 o'clock train, via the New York Central Railroad for Chicago, taking with them the remains of the deceased.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Leland will be held in that city on Tuesday. Miss Fannie Leland was too ill to accompany them, and remained at the Hotel Grand Central, where she is being nursed by her sister, Mrs. Leland. Mrs. Leland was a member of the family, with other members of the family will meet the general party upon its arrival there. They will also be joined by relatives from Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Leland was a Miss Isabelle Cobb, a daughter of the late Alvin Cobb, a mill-laborer ship owner and the founder of the big wholesale drug house of Strong, Cobb & Co., in Cleveland. She was a sister of Ralph and Lester A. Cobb, Mrs. Henry C. Cobb, the wife of a prominent banker; Mrs. William Hoyt, Mrs. J. Hannum, Mr. Dr. Merritt and Mrs. Dr. Reeman, all of Cleveland. She was fifty years of age.

Mrs. Leland will return to New York on Friday, when he will at once begin to make plans for the building of another large hotel. In constant activity he expected to leave for New York on Monday. Neither Fred Leland nor Leland Simons, cousins of Mr. Leland, have been accounted for, and there seems little doubt that they perished in the flames.

Trying to Pull Down Constructor Hichborn.

Line Officers of the Navy Anxious to Reduce Him to a Mere Designer of Hulls.

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Edgewaterites Expect Big Prices.

President McKinley having signed the bill appropriating \$500,000 for a naval supply station at Edgewater, near Fort Lee, searches of the property are now being made in the County Clerk's office at Hackensack, and residents of Edgewater expect big prices for their property.

Special Notices.

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DR. HILLIS AT PLYMOUTH. New Pastor Leaves His Sick Wife Long Enough to Begin His Work Here.

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Dr. Hillis ascended the pulpit while the immense audience rose and sang the Plymouth installation hymn, "We bid thee welcome in the name of Jesus, the Exalted Head."

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UNION SQUARE NEW YORK

Dress Goods.

Scotch and English Cheviots, 50 inches wide, six styles; 6 to 7 colorings in each design, 50 cts. a yard, value \$1.00 to \$1.50.

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example—an example by the State that is followed by its citizens. The State murders its enemies and the citizen murders his. Any punishment that degrades the one punished must necessarily degrade the one inflicting the punishment. No punishment should be inflicted by a human that could not be inflicted by a gentleman.

"For instance, take the whipping post. Some people are in favor of flogging, because they say some offences are of such a frightful nature that flogging is the only punishment. They forget that punishment must be inflicted by somebody, and that somebody is a low, contemptible cur. I understand that John G. Shortall, president of the Humane Society of Illinois, has had a bill introduced into the Legislature of the State for the establishment of the whipping post.

"The shadow of that post would disgrace and darken the white State. Nothing could be more infamous, and yet this man is president of the Humane Society. Now the question arises, What is his about this society? Certainly not its president. Undoubtedly I am sincere. Certainly no man would take that position unless he was sincere. Nobody deliberately pretends to be bad. But the idea of being president of the Humane Society is simply preposterous.

"With his idea about the whipping post he might join a society of hyenas for the cultivation of ferocity, for certainly nothing short of that would do justice to his bill. I have too much confidence in the Legislature of the State—and maybe my confidence rests in the fact that I do not know them—to think the passage of such a bill possible. If it were passed I think I would be justified in using the language of the old Marylander, who said: 'I have lived in Maryland fifty years, but I have never counted them, and my hope is that God won't.'"

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